

NANCY HANKS SPENDS HER LAST DAYS IN A PASTURE

Boston, Dec. 27.—Nancy Hanks, once the world-famous "Queen of the Turf," is now quietly passing her old age, a still mind, valued because of her open-air life in Pennsylvania, among the blue hills of the Blue Ridge mountains.

This wonderful mare, the mother of two trotters that have shown a speed almost equal to that of her own, is being cared for by her son, the late Mr. Hanks, who has been a successful breeder of race horses.

A reporter last week visited the farm of her owner, J. M. Johnson, who, two years ago, purchased the J. M. Johnson Farm, near Philadelphia, together with the royal Nancy and many other horses of Forbes' famous string.

The son came out from behind a cloud away in some place on the top of the Blue Ridge, and showed a dark bay mare with her white blaze, and a white horse, the fat body of a padlock fence, looking cracked corn to the mottled head of a little girl with tangled hair and pink cheeks, and then withdrew again behind the curtains of the Newcomb house.

The small, rumped mare, who was away at the sound of footsteps, the mare suddenly withdrew her nose from the fence and, tossing her head high in the air, snorted with snorting ears and mildly inquisitive eyes at the reporter.

"So this is the old queen of the race track, Nancy Hanks?" opened the reporter half to himself, half to the dark bay, at the same time talking in the still air of the stable to the mare's neck and little forehead.

"And then an incredible thing happened. Partly turning her head for an instant to assure herself that the slender little mare, her latest child, was well out of the stable, Nancy Hanks, who once rode the mare, suddenly withdrew her nose from the fence and, tossing her head high in the air, snorted with snorting ears and mildly inquisitive eyes at the reporter.

"You are surprised, no, you are not," she said, "I learned the secret of the racing blue language years and years ago, away back in Kentucky, when a baby little driver made me lose the first and only bet that Nancy Hanks ever had to her discredit."

"It was after my first attempt upon the track and I was badly puzzled. Evidently something had happened. My trainers were frowning and saying and saying all sorts of things about my horse and my bet, but I was not to be deterred. I even in a single bet pulled me, and its effect upon the crowd puzzled me."

"They put me in my box, and that night somebody stole in an old-time race track. He had a horse named Nancy Hanks, and he was going to beat my horse. I was going to be famous. You see, I was only a year-old then, and you lost a bet today—lost, because you were green—but you've got a career ahead of you, but such a career as the best of us never dreamed of. I've watched you and you ever since you came up here, and I'm convinced it is so I'm going to tell you a secret—a great secret. I've always intended to bequeath it to the best one left behind before I was sent away for good, and now, Nancy, I'm going to tell it to you. The beautiful mare shook her free silken mane, undulated in response to the lead, and proceeded.

"And that is how I came to talk with you, the first man who ever had had a speak since I was born, twenty years ago. Do I ever think of the days when I was hailed as the queen of trotters? Ah, who there that has felt the thrill of victory which does not recall that day until the very end?"

"But I am quite content out here, and even today I enjoy the distinction of being the greatest race horse in the world. Four of my children have already made records on the track that their mother regards with the same pride as that of her own racing days. When Nancy Hanks is dead the racing world will still remember not only the mare who first made 234 feet, but Almie, Nancy, and Lewis, who have won stands at 204, and Lord Roberts (295). And then there are my other two brood-sisters, Marjorie and Vanitia, who have both made praiseworthy records."

"And if all that shall not be enough there is still my youngest daughter, and the real old boy placed with proud motherly eyes in the direction of the baby like nibbling at the bits of faded fall grass—the fact that they will stand on the logs and bark as the missionaries are passing."

"This statement brought the audience back from dreamland with a jerk. The missionary did not amplify the subject. Dismissing the mosquitoes, he passed on to the topic of bible study.

"The next day a man indignantly asked him to account for his mosquito assertions."

"What did you mean by saying those mosquitoes weighed a pound?" he demanded.

"They will say," the missionary explained, "that one mosquito weighs a pound. I said many of them would. I suppose about a million would do so."

"Oh, dear, no! I said they rot on the logs and on the bark as the missionaries passed?"

Paper From Papyrus.
A hundred capitalists propose to revive paper-making from papyrus. The cultivation of this plant has been extinct for over 1,000 years. The papyrus reeds, at first, will be grown in the United States and made into pulp in an English mill. The subject has been worked up. Then the papyrus syndicate will build its own mills in Egypt and ship the pulp, Smedley Norton, the chief engineer, was commissioned to revive the seven-century papyrus reed. The Nile grass, commonly known as papyrus, is not the real thing. Mr. Norton discovered some true papyrus seeds in remote parts of Syria and Palestine near the River Jordan and Sea of Galilee, and cultivation was begun.

After exhaustive experiments, Dr. Quentin Weitz, consulting chemist and analyst of the Paper Makers' Association of Great Britain, has produced the most admirable pulp. A committee of experts has outlined all the methods for cultivation and paper manufacture and the company is going ahead. Papyrus grows in water from seven to ten feet high, and one can gather three crops a year. The land used in certain areas is irrigated by the Nile and is only plowed every five years.

They will begin manufacture of paper in the spring, when they will have 100,000 tons of papyrus ready for the market.

Would Surely Keep His Promise.
A clergyman recently spoke in a penitentiary and noticed that one of the convicts seemed extraordinarily impressed. After the service he sought him out and said: "My friend, I hope you will profit by my remarks just now and become a new man." Indeed, I will," was the cheerful reply. "In fact, I promise you that I will never commit another crime, but I will lead an exemplary life on my dying day." "I am very glad to hear you say that," said the clergyman, "but are you certain you might be needed. Soon a large buck comes in sight and trotted toward the ambush. As it drew

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

By Barkley Harter.

Franklin D. Roosevelt. It is not a bad rule for work. You are a man, worker, let me suggest. You have several tasks always on hand. It is true that some writers have permitted themselves to get into what is called "the mood habit." That is, they can never write except when the fits are on them, or they feel like it, and then they wish to put through the whole task at one sitting. This is expensive in several ways. A long sitting is a great physical strain, because the confined attitude interrupts the circulation system's free work, because nervous energy is overdrawn, because brain tissue is burned in excess. A better way is to begin early in literary life to habituate the mind to the "hour-of-drawing" system of labor. Work on a task for awhile. Then shut that drawer and look it. Then pull out another drawer, and work a little while on a different task. So proceed with general.

The result is an immense accumulation of work accomplished before you are hardly aware of it. The discipline of mind need not drop one thing and bring up another in a line acquisition in itself, and making no change in the system of work, one crisis of life. The essential rest and recreation ministered to the mind by such a sudden and absolute change, no one who has the habit of one established would ever be able to turn to the old drawer of continuous work for any amount of money. There is also a freshness of thought that you bring to your task this way that is a surprise to yourself. It reminds one of the follow-through law of the old Jewish rabbis, in that, after seven years the Israelite was to leave his fields fallow. The soil got new productive powers by this means, just as the fertilizers of modern times could have given it. The habit that you get in the old drawer, which you turn over, and now, on resuming it, you are delighted with the speed of your pen.

Just busy men and women have several interests, at all times, hanging to their belts. It would be improper to neglect, wholly, any of them to immediately finish any one. But he who has learned the art of building on a little each day, to each of his interests, will be able to handle any reasonable faculty. He avoids offending any by absolute neglect. He is at peace in his own mind with the consciousness that he is making reasonable progress all along in every direction. He is not a man of a single maturity of thought that your all-or-nothing attitude can never have. He sleeps on his statement; he sees them by morning light, and a week apart, and often avoids making any one of his statements. He is a "white-head" writer is sure to fall into it. I am utterly opposed to the old folly of one thing at a time. It may be well enough to talk that to schoolboys; but certainly it is nonsense for the full-grown man, with all his brain and nerves and accumulating relations. For my own part, I am doing forty things at a time. That is, I am doing a little of each of forty things that I must do each day, but all of them, one by one, in the course of the day. If I could not do this, my obligations, I know not what would become of me, or of the burdens I carry. Indeed, I could not lift any one of them all at all once, why, we have another way. I have carried off a mountain.

Another old notion, I at least, have forgotten. That is the supposed satisfaction of having a thing done and out of the way, after it is done. It is a delusion. Suppose you are a skyscraper. In fact, the whole United States there is scarcely a street or building, or even a furnished room, in which is not some article that was made in Pittsburgh.

Mosquitoes Indeed.
William Jennings Bryan was talking at Terre Haute about his recent world tour.

"In a winter in Egypt," he said, "is a superb thing, all but the flies. The flies in Egypt are as bad as the Central American mosquitoes. Mr. Bryan smiled. 'You know,' he said, 'there was a missionary from Central America, who had been in the country on behalf of his mission. He interspersed his appeal for funds with descriptive talk about Central America, and whenever an audience seemed apathetic or drooped, he would shake his head and solemnly, by showing out emphatically some very startling fact.

"Thus, one night in Lincoln, he roused a sluggish audience by thundering, 'Oh, dear mosquitoes! The Central American mosquitoes! Ah, dear friends, you have no idea of the sufferings caused in that country by these beasts. Many of them would weigh half a pound, and they will stand on the logs and bark as the missionaries are passing.'"

"This statement brought the audience back from dreamland with a jerk. The missionary did not amplify the subject. Dismissing the mosquitoes, he passed on to the topic of bible study.

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"They will say," the missionary explained, "that one mosquito weighs a pound. I said many of them would. I suppose about a million would do so."

"Oh, dear, no! I said they rot on the logs and on the bark as the missionaries passed?"

Art in Humble Things.
Oscar S. Straus, the new Secretary of Commerce and Labor, is a connoisseur of pottery and porcelains.

In conversation with a reporter in New York, Mr. Straus one day praised the useful arts—wood-carving, tapestry weaving, cabinet-making and the like.

"Machinery," he said, "has robbed us of useful arts to a great extent. In machine-made things there can be no artistic quality, no individual expression. In hand-made things, even the humblest, there is always an opportunity for art to show itself."

"Two street sweepers were quarrelling one day about their talent in street sweeping."

"Well, Bill," said one, "I admit that you can clean up the middle of a street all right, but you ain't capable of doing an ornamental piece of work, like sweeping around a 'colley pole.'"

He Knew.
The late Judge M. Russell Thayer of Philadelphia used to tell a good story about a brother jurist who was an enthusiastic golfer.

The golfer, after according to the story, had occasion to introduce in a criminal suit a boy witness from Bala.

"Now my lad," he said, "I want to know if you are acquainted with the nature and significance of an oath?"

The boy, raising his brows in surprise, answered:

"Of course I am, sir. Don't I caddy for you at the country club?"

Hasty.
It is said of a noted Virginia judge that in a pinch he always came out ahead. An incident of his childhood might go to prove this.

"Well, Benny," said his father, when the lad had been going to school about a month, "what did you learn today?"

"About the mouse, father."

"Spell mouse."

After a little pause, Benny answered: "Can't never go to marry." "It was a mouse after all; it was a rat."

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

A Give Away.

Near Admiral F. W. Dickins told the Philadelphia the other day a good story about a very rich and very economical miser.

"The old gentleman—let us call him Gobsa Golde," he said "was making preparations for a Christmas ball, some years ago, and at his wife's insistence discovered a cheap brand of champagne."

"This," he said "is a good brand of champagne. It is quite good enough for those young people who will come to my Christmas ball. They couldn't tell the difference, anyway."

"Accordingly he ordered a dozen cases of the cheap wine.

"A day or two before Christmas, picking up his newspaper, he noticed his list of bills for the party, page after page. He ran his eye over it and saw in big black letters the paragraph:

"They ordered champagne at \$125 a quart, as ordered by the entertainment manager, Gobsa Golde, esp. for his forthcoming Christmas ball."

When You're in Rome.
At a dinner given by Eugene Higgins on his yacht Varuna, Harry Lehr said of the burlesques in high life that have recently started the public:

"I suppose our American morals are pretty bad. They are better than the Italian morals to be found in Rome, though."

"I'm going the sunset from the Pincio one winter evening in Rome, a prince approached and invited me to dance at his palace."

"I attended the dance in the prince's garden, all palaces on the Corso, on at about 2 o'clock in the morning. I had my host good-night, and went to the cloakroom for my coat and hat."

"The attendant brought me a rusty hat, an old and shabby one, torn lining."

"Here," said I, "these are not mine. Mine are new."

"The attendant shrugged his shoulders."

"They are the best that are left, signor," he said. "The new ones were all gone three hours ago."

Maxim Gorke, addressing an audience in the Bowery, attacked the trusts.

"The trusts are not content," said the Russian orator, "with supplying a bad article themselves. They refuse to allow any one else to supply a good article."

"Once there was a theatrical company on tour. This company did not take an orchestra along with it. It relied on local orchestras for its music."

"And one day, drilling an orchestra in a small town, the manager of the company was very much vexed with the atrocious playing of a flute player."

"He rebuked the flute player a long time. Finally, out of patience, he shouted:

"Look here, my friend, you stay out of this. You're no good, and you ain't fit to play a flute."

"The flute player laid down his flute, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and said calmly:

"All right; if I don't play, you don't. I'm the mayor of this town, and I won't give you a license."

A Knotty Problem.
Miss Elizabeth Magie, an intelligent Chicago girl who stirred the country by offering to sell herself to the highest bidder, was discussing with a reporter the condition of girl workers in big cities.

"It is a deplorable condition," she said, "and how to better it is a problem, an unanswerable problem, a problem that takes one a back."

"It reminds me," she said, "of a thing that happened on a railroad. A young man, on a certain excursion train, noticed a poor woman who stood up and searched her pocket wildly."

"Have you been robbed, ma'am?" he inquired of the woman on behalf of the conductor.

"Oh, no," she answered; "it's just as bad. I've lost my ticket, and I've got no money. The railroad will arrest me for fraud."

"Well," said the young man, "I've got no money either, but here, take my ticket, and I'll give the brakeman a problem."

"When the brakeman came through, the young man, to confuse him, kept moving about the car. Finally, though, he was cornered."

"Tickets," said the brakeman.

"You've got my ticket," said the young man.

"I haven't got it," said the brakeman.

"Yes, you have."

"Well, I see about this. I'll call the conductor."

"When the conductor came, he said to the young man with a scowl: 'Ticket, please.'"

"Well, got my ticket," was the reply.

"See if he hasn't got a ticket with a small piece of the corner?"

"Why, yes, you have, Jim. There it is," said the conductor reproachfully.

"Ah, here's the place," said the young man. "See if it's all right."

"It fitted, and the conductor and brakeman went off arguing and pestulating."

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OLD MAID HIRES MAN TO MAKE LOVE TO HER

Miss Melvina Slade of East Granitons, N. H., had a sweetheart, and a proposal. The lover was the handsomest, best dressed, and "best mannered" man that ever graced the society functions of the Graniteville as in the Graniteville were the centers of interest. Miss Melvina positively was pretty. Even the envious ones said she looked ten years younger. She was merry and excited as a school girl.

Now it has developed that the lover was on a salary, and that Miss Melvina's only consolation was that her fiancé was the son of the town and that she was not the expense of the courtship. Yet had it not been that the facts were discovered, Miss Melvina would have counted the \$52 well spent.

Miss Slade now is 42 years old. She was the daughter of the late Frederick Slade, a United Brethren missionary worker, who made his home at East Granitons and preached at many revival meetings. Slade was known as "Shittles," which is the worst insult possible in that part of New England. Yet for some reason unknown Miss Allen, the present girl in all the country round, fell in love with and married him.

Melvina Slade was 22 years old when her father came home from his last protracted meeting to die. She was 28 when he died. People said Melvina Slade was a hopeless old maid, and when her father died they said it was a pity he had not died years before and given her a chance. A year later Spauld Allen died and left everything to his granddaughter.

After nearly forty years of penury and opposite poverty she was rich at last. She had for East Granitons and better than that, was free. Her first move was to buy pretty clothes. People laughed and said Melvina was looking for a husband. Then she built the finest mansion in the cemetery and had recorded there all the virtues of her father. People laughed again and speculated as to what Spauld Allen would do if he knew his money had been used to build a monument to the memory of the Rev. Mr. Slade.

But she was happy, or at least comfortable. "They are the best that are left, signor," he said. "The new ones were all gone three hours ago."

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